

## EL PASOANS WONDER WHAT SECRET THE TOYAH OIL FIELD HOLDS

Return From a Trip to the Place and Know About as Much as When They Went Down—What They Saw.

On circumstantial evidence the Texas company would be convicted of having struck oil in the Toyah field. Out in section 16, block 59, of the school land in Reeves county, to the northwest of Toyah, 17 miles, is a little rough boarded camp which hovers on the cap of a small hill overlooking a draw running diagonally through that section.

Standing guard over the camp are two oil rigs, one on the high ground by the cluster of shacks and the other across the wash. Between these two rigs is an acre or more of ground fenced with barbed wire. On the fence posts are signs which read "Positively No Admittance." Inside of this enclosure is a trough, where the sluice from a well has been poured. This leads back to hole in the ground, which is covered over with pine planks, dirt, rocks, a piece of old gunny sacking, corrugated iron and more dirt. Under that covering is the well which is to tell the story of the Toyah oil field. Nothing can be seen of the well itself except the concrete foundations for the rig that was used to put down the shaft.

But coming from between the cracks in the boards is a strong odor of gas, which can be detected even outside of the barbed wire enclosure. This tell-tale odor is what Toyah people are backing their claims on, for they firmly believe that inside of that capped casing is either a quantity of oil or indications which are sufficiently strong to insure a flow should the well be pressed deeper into the earth.

**Looks Like Oil.** Stronger than the odor of gas and more encouraging than the talk of the most optimistic of the Toyah boosters, is the attitude of the Texas company. It is upon this that the more conservative base their belief that there is oil in the Toyah field in paying commercial quantities. No sign of oil has yet been seen, according to the Texas company drillers handling the rigs. But the Texas company is spending approximately \$100,000 in the field. It is this that gives the men who own land in the

oil district their greatest hope. The fact that the Texas company is going ahead with a second well and is buying up more land is the trump card in this belief. The indications which have been found in that capped well must have been so favorable, they argue, that the Texas company wished to explore the field more fully. The rig was removed from the capped well, shifted across the now dry wash and set up within a quarter of a mile of the well upon which Toyah ties her hope of future oil prosperity. The reason given by the nester of the Toyah field, Capt. Charles Ross, for moving the rig across the dry bed of Cottonwood creek was to find if that wash or draw was only an arroyo or a fault.

**Why Cap the Well.** Why cap the No. 2 well and start in on a third without going deep enough to find oil? is asked. The experience of oil men throughout the country proves that the last thing an oil prospecting outfit wants is a flow of oil or a gusher. To "bring in" a well, as the oil term is used, means the shutting down of the game and a rush to the field from all directions. The Texas company has not yet drawn the hand it wants for the "show down," it is argued. For this reason it is suppressing the facts at the well, many believe, and is making no effort to go into the crude oil business at the Toyah field. For this reason the well was covered over with enough dirt, gyp, and corrugated iron and rough lumber to build a small sized house; for this reason the Texas company is giving out no information about the well and is playing its cards like an old hand at the game of oil poker.

**No Oil in Well, Says Ross.** Capt. Ross says there is no oil in the capped well. In fact his answer to the question if there was not 700 feet of oil in the casing brought forth a characteristic oil man's reply in the negative. Arthur Wood, head driller in charge of the operations at the well, says that if they found oil in the capped well he never saw it. No signs of oil to be found around the well mouth, although the presence of so much slush and slime on the surface led one amateur oil investigator to believe that any traces of oil which might have been seen around the well had been covered over.

A party of 16 El Paso business men headed by E. L. Deshazo have just visit-

ed the scene of the oil operations, looked at the abandoned rig and the standard rig which is sinking the third deep well, examined the sand and blue clay which came out of the well, talked with Capt. Ross and drove back to Toyah without being any wiser as to the actual presence of oil in the capped well than they were before the T. & P. pulled out of El Paso.

**Work Stopped.** Work on the new well had stopped for the day to allow the boilermaker to repair the boiler of the engine which was driving the rig. The drillers were sitting around the rig or at home repairing back fences. Capt. Ross, one of the most experienced oil men in the west, having gone through the California oil booms, met the crowd of El Pasoans, told them all about the operations and showed them the well. But he would say nothing more about the presence of oil in the capped well than that the indications there, as shown by the presence of the gas and sand, were such that oil might be struck at any minute. His reply to the question of whether he believed oil was in the field was that there was nothing to prevent oil being found, although no man could tell whether there was oil in a field until it had been struck.

**At the Time Settler.** Hearing of the presence of shallow oil in a well on the J. D. Leatherman place, he came from California to investigate the field. He drilled wells and found that shallow oil was to be had from 125 to 205 feet. Acquiring three sections of land with two other men, he continued to prospect until the Texas company became interested in his operations and took over his holdings. From the five shallow wells which were sunk on the top of the little ridge, a quantity of the shallow oil was pumped by means of a walking beam. Gas was also struck in these wells and Capt. Ross connected up the cook stove in his home to utilize the gas. Four corrugated tanks, filled with black, greasy fluid stand near the small wells which Capt. Ross sunk. This is the same kind that is found in other parts of the Toyah country. It is what he calls stranger oil and, according to his theory, it has come a great distance under high pressure. It contains no base, according to Capt. Ross, the analysis showing neither a paraffine nor asphaltum base. This oil proves nothing, he says, except that there is oil some place in that section. It may be a great distance away or it may be near. This oil is what he has sold in Toyah for the past seven years as lubricating oil and its discovery at the Ross ranch created no excitement.

**Texas Company's Work.** Soon after the Texas company took over the field a rig was set up near the Ross house on the ridge and a well put down there. But the driller was unable to get through the quick sand, which is encountered at 250 feet and, after getting three strings of casing in the well, it was abandoned for the well on the right side of the draw, which is now known as "the capped well." A bit was lost in the first well that was started and the rig was moved over a few feet and operations again started. This well was put down 1600 feet, according to the head driller. The log neither well was available. Four months ago, operations on this well suddenly ceased. The rig and lower plant was dismantled and moved across the draw. The casing was capped and the cellar covered over.

**Think Oil There.** All kinds of rumors resulted. Some said a gusher had been struck. Others said that the company was forced to stop work or bring in the well in a thing which was least wished for at that time. The real reason for the removal of the rig and the capping of the well seems to be that the Texas company found sufficient indications of oil in the 1600-foot well to warrant its continued operation in the field. Wishing to prospect, it abandoned the well temporarily in order to get a line on the formation of the field and also to see if the formation differed any in other parts of the field.

**No Excitement.** In the meantime, the Texas company is securing all of the ground possible in the vicinity of the well, in addition to the three sections, less 38 acres, which were acquired from Capt. Ross. The company is said to have control of at least 30 sections of the land, either by purchase, lease or acquisition from the state. The withholding of the mineral rights on some of this land by the state has complicated the matter considerably and it is probable that the legislature will have to take action to properly define the rights of those holding grazing rights to the mineral rights of the land.

The El Paso party which investigated the field, has acquired approximately 5200 acres of the land in the Toyah field. Of this amount Z. T. White and H. B. Stevens have 1800 acres, the entire amount having been purchased through the Deshazo realty company, which arranged for the trip to the Toyah field.

**Land Increases.** While the Toyah people are inclined to be under enthusiastic about the field, they are letting no grama grass grow in the immediate region of their feet. Sections are being acquired wherever possible, and the men who own land are asking from \$10 to \$25 an acre for it. It is in single acres or sections. The general opinion among the El Paso party which visited the oil field Saturday was that while there were no direct indications of oil there, the prospects were such as to make the striking of oil there within the next 60 days almost a certainty, provided the drilling is continued.

**LOOKING FOR A SUSPECTED MURDERER.** Authorities of Louisville believe Joseph Wendling caused death of Alma Kellner. Louisville, Ky., May 28.—The police are looking for Joseph Wendling, former janitor at St. John's church, who since Jan. 15, 1909, has been missing. A month after the disappearance of Alma Kellner, whose body was found yesterday, has been missing. Mrs. Lena Wendling, wife of the missing man, and housekeeper for Father Schumann, pastor of St. John's church, is under surveillance.

In a sworn statement before captain Carney, chief of detectives, yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Wendling admitted washing muddy clothes for her husband shortly after the disappearance of the little Kellner girl. The detectives examined these clothes—trousers, shirt and hat—and declare there are still blood stains on them.

A little more than a year ago, according to the police records, Wendling was arrested and fined because of improper conduct with a young girl whom he accosted on the streets.

The discovery was a mere accident. Saturday the janitor at St. John's church told Father Schumann that water was collecting under one of the parish buildings. Plumbers began to pump out the water. Their work was resumed Monday morning.

After pumping only a short time, the water began to smell badly and a few minutes later a slimy covered object was discovered. A child's foot with shoe and stocking on, appeared. The police and coroner were notified at once by Father Schumann.

After working five hours over the fragments of the body, coroner E. L. Duncan said that the top and part of the left side of the skull, and part of the right leg and foot were missing. All the ribs on the left side were broken.

"It appears that the body was partially burned," said coroner Duncan, "and I believe quicklime was used to aid in destroying the body, but further examination alone will develop these facts."

Father Schumann said he could remember nothing suspicious in Wendling's actions after the disappearance of Alma Kellner.

"Wendling left the church without saying he was going to quit and he said nothing to his wife. I thought at the time that possibly the fact that his wife was much older than he caused him to leave. He often talked of returning to his old home in France, but his wife wrote his parents and they have heard nothing of him."

Wendling is described by the detectives as being 27 years old, about five feet, 10 inches high, weighs about 160 pounds, has a small black moustache and dark hair and eyes.

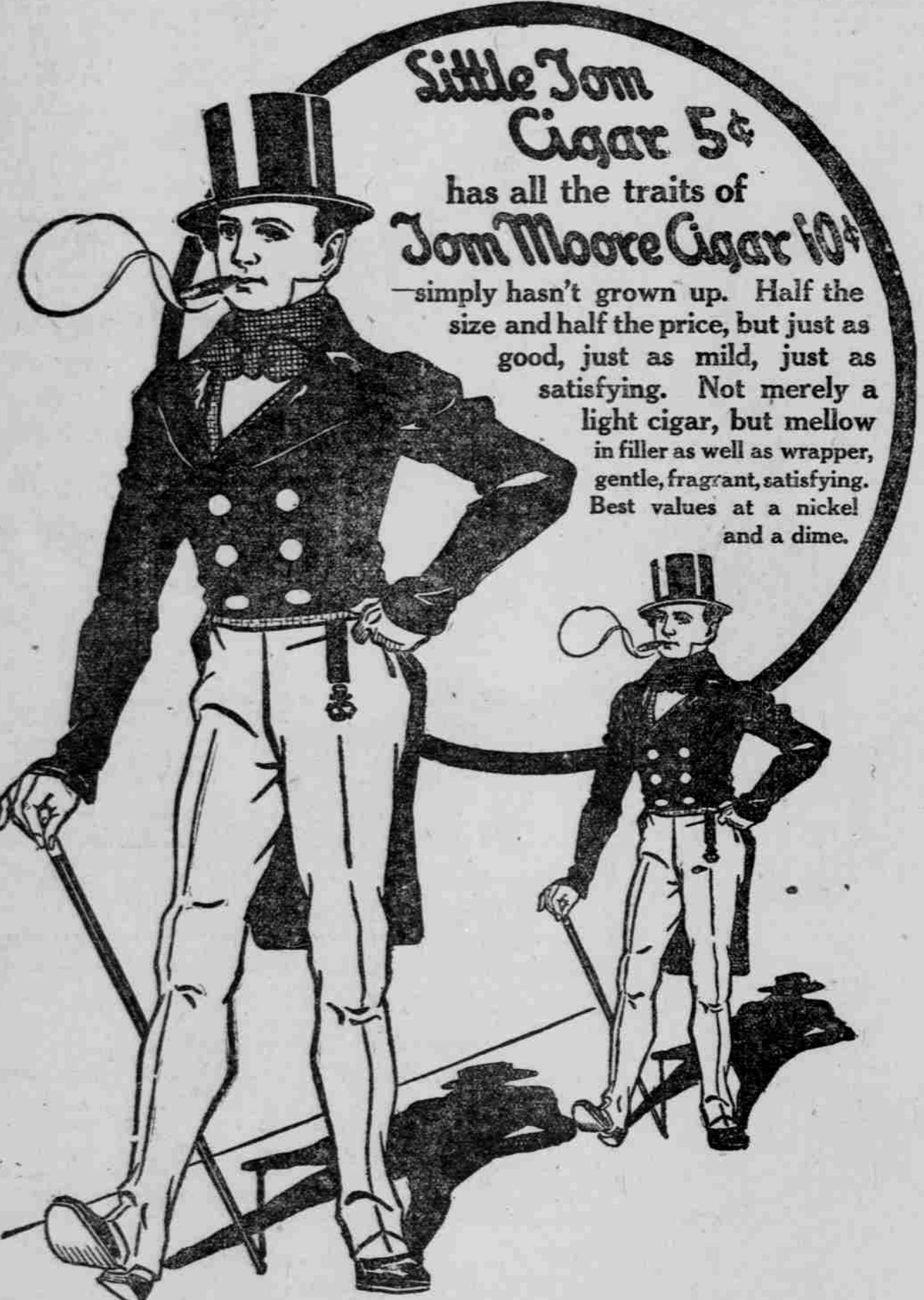
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## THE THIRD DEGREE

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Howard Jeffries marries waitress while at college and is disinherited by rich father. Stepmother visits apartments of her old flame, Robert Underwood, to try to prevent him ending his life when pressed by creditors. Howard, visiting Underwood, a former college mate, seeking a loan, is asleep in the apartments during the interview and as stepmother leaves, Underwood shoots himself. Howard awakens and is arrested and, by police third degree methods, is made to confess to the crime. His wife seeks aid of his family. Goes to see husband at prison. He tells her he is not guilty.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"It's too bad. I'm sorry for you, really."

Annie laughed, and he asked:

"Why do you laugh?"

"What's the use of crying?" she said. "Ha! Ha! It's almost a joke."

"You're sorry, my father-in-law is sorry, and I suppose my mother-in-law is shedding tears for me, too. You're all sorry and you're all wearing crepe for us, but why can't some of you do something?"

The lawyer said nothing. He still stared at her in a strange, absent-minded kind of way, until finally she lost patience. Boldly she said:

"Well, you sent for me. What do you want to see me about, judge?"

"I want to tell you that you mustn't come here again," he answered.

"Anything else?" she exclaimed.

The judge began to fuss with the papers on his desk, as he usually did when embarrassed for words.

"Of course," he stammered, "you will be amply compensated."

"Of course," she cried. Rising from her chair, she shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"Oh, well, this is not my lucky day. They wouldn't let me into the prison to see Howard today. Capt. Clinton doesn't like me. He has always tried to prevent my seeing Howard, but I'll see him to-morrow, captain or no captain. He can make up his mind to that!"

The lawyer looked up at her.

"Poor girl—you are having a hard time, aren't you?"

"Things have been better," she replied, with a tremor in her voice. "Howard and I were very happy when we first—"

A sob choked her utterance, and she forced a laugh, saying: "Here, I must keep off that subject—"

"Why do you laugh?" demanded the lawyer.

Already hysterical, Annie had great difficulty in keeping back her tears.

"Well, if I don't laugh," she sobbed, "I'll cry; and as I don't want to cry—"

why—I just laugh. It's got to be one or the other—see?"

He said nothing, and she continued:

"Well, I guess I'll go home—home—that's the worst part of it—home—"

She stopped short, she could go no further. Her bosom was heaving, the hot tears were rolling down her

mean—he didn't know what he was doing at the time. I've had a talk with the physician who was called in—Dr. Bernstein. He says that Capt. Clinton is a hypnotist, that he can compel people to say what he wants them to say. Well, Howard is—what they call a subject—they told him he did it till he believed he did."

She looked narrowly at the lawyer to see what effect her words were having, but to her great disappointment the judge was apparently paying not the slightest attention. He was gazing out of the window and drumming his fingers absent-mindedly on the desk. Utterly discouraged, she again rose.

"Oh, well, what's the use?"

The judge quickly put out his hand and partly pushed her back in the chair.

"Don't go," he said. Then he added:

"Who told you he was a hypnotic subject?"

Her hopes revived once more. Quickly she said:

"Dr. Bernstein. Besides, Howard told me so himself. A friend of his at college used to make him out all sorts of capers."

"A friend at college, eh? Do you remember his name?"

"Howard knows it."

"Um!" ejaculated the lawyer. He took up a pad and wrote a memorandum on it. Then aloud he said: "I'd like to have a little talk with Dr. Bernstein. I think I'll ask him to come and see me. Let me see. His address is—"

"342 Madison avenue," she exclaimed, eagerly.

The lawyer jotted the address down, and then he looked up.

"So you think I'm afraid of Mr. Jeffries, do you?"

She smiled.

"Oh, no, not really afraid," she answered, "but just—scared. I didn't mean—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GOLD'S SON RUNS AWAY FROM SCHOOL; NEGRO ROOMMATES

New Britain, Conn., May 31.—Edwin Gould, Jr., aged 18, son of Edwin Gould, of Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, and grandson of the late Jay Gould, was found on the street here and taken to the police station. Young Gould ran away from school in Pomfret Center last Friday and arrived here footsore and weary. His grandmother, Mrs. George Shady, of New York, is on the way here. Young Gould said: "They put me in a room with six or seven colored men who were not clean. That was bad enough, but when I got into bed I found six or seven other things there I could not stand it."